"Semore," she murmured with downcast lids, "I—I—
is totumly misundumstood you."

"Hearin' you is the easiest thing they is."

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TEMPUS TODD---It Pays to Advertise

Story by ***OCTAVUS ROY COHEN***
Illustrations by H. Weston Taylor

SO YOU IS A FRIEND OF MY BOSS, HUH? WHO DOES YOU DO FO' A LIVIN'?
I HAS JUST OPENED A NEW BAKERY, BUT BUSINESS AINT SO AWFUL GOOD
RECKON YOU AINT DOIN THE RIGHT SORT OF ADVERTISIN' WHEN IT COMES TO THAT KIND OF THING I'SE A HOUND. FOR FIFTY CENTS I WRITES YOU A SIGN FO' YO' WINDOW WHICH WILL BRING THE CUSTOMERS FLYIN'
YO' PRICE AINT HIGH, BROTHER TODD, SHOOT!
THIS SIGN IS GWINE BE SO SWELL THAT WHEN YOU SHOWS IT YOU IS GWINE DISPOSE OF YO' BREAD EASIER THAN WAS YOU THOWING IT ON TROUBLED WATERS
THE DOUGH-RAISE-ME BAKERY
BEST IN TOWN.
"FORGIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD"

TEMPUS TODD---Tempus Makes a Resolution

Story by ***OCTAVUS ROY COHEN***
Illustrations by H. Weston Taylor

DRIVE ME HOME, TEMPUS, I CRAVES TO BE DROVE
HERE I IS HIRED OUT TO BE CHAUFFEUR FOR MY OWN CAR. MISTUH JULIAN JUNE WHICH SAYS HE OWNS IT, IS A BAD MAN. IF I LET HIM KNOW THIS AUTOMOBILE IS MINE I'LL BE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF A HEAP OF PRETTY FLOWERS WHICH I CAN'T SMELL AND SOFT MUSIC WHICH I CANT HEAR
BUT IF I STICK AROUND LONG ENOUGH I'LL GIT A CHANCE TO ELOPE AWAY WITH MY OWN CAR. MISTUH JUNE AND ME IS FRIENDS NOW—SO I WONT TAKE NO CHANCE TO CROSS HIM.
I AINT GOING TO CROSS HIM, NOSSUH I AINT. BUT I AINT SAID NOTHING ABOUT DOUBLE-CROSSING!

TEMPUS TODD---Storm Clouds

Story by ***OCTAVUS ROY COHEN***
Illustrations by H. Weston Taylor

I IS GOING NOW, TEMPUS; BUT ISE TELLIN' YOU THAT I HAS FELL FO' YOU
WELL, IF YOU HAS. YOU IS SHO'LY GWINE PICK YO' OWN SELF UP
I FEELS IT IN MY BONES THAT THAT GAL IS FIXIN' TO MAKE A FUST CLASS CORPSE OUT OF ME
HOW DID YOU LIKE MY GAL, TEMPUS?
WHEN IT COMES TO OTHER FELLERS GALS, BOSS, I AINT GOT NO OPINIONS AT ALL AND I REFUSE TO EXPRESS THOSE
THATS FINE. I WAS AFRAID MAYBE SHE WAS GWINE LIKE YOU TOO MUCH. ISE AN AWFUL JEALOUS MAN, TEMPUS, AN' WAS I EVER TO THINK MY GAL WAS FOND OF SOMEBODY ELSE THAT FELLER WOULD SUDDENLY GIT TO BE AINT
I WAS BORN UNLUCKY AND I HAS A HUNCH I IS GWINE DIE THE SAME WAY

TEMPUS TODD---Woman Is Fickle

Story by **OCTAVUS ROY COHEN**
Illustrations by H. Weston Taylor

I HAS DONE A HEAP OF FUNNY THINGS IN MY LIFE, BUT THIS IS THE FUST TIME I EVER WENT COURTIN' FO' ANOTHER FELLER
HONEY, TEMPUS. WELCOME HOME!
HEY! YOU IS THE MISUNDERSTANDINEST WOMAN.
YOU LEAVE ME BE CELESTIAL. THESE FLOWERS COME FUM MY BOSS, JULIAN JUNE. HE SAYS HE CRAVES TO MARRY YOU.
I WOULDN'T MARRY THAT BIG NITWIT FO' NUTHIN'. THEY AIN'T BUT ONE MAN IN THE WORLD TEMPUS, I'SE WILLIN' TO MAKE MA'IAGE WITH, AN' HE'S YOU
Copyright John F. Dille Co.
IF THAT'S THE CASE, CELESTIAL, YOU IS GWINE BE A BACHELOR ALL YO' LIFE. THE ONLY THING THAT'S EVER GWINE BE BETWEEN I AN' YOU IS DISTANCE – AN' A HEAD OF IT.
Weston Taylor

TEMPUS TODD--- Strategy Is the Best Policy

Story by ***OCTAVUS ROY COHEN***
Illustrations by H. Weston Taylor

WHAT I IS UP AGAINST IS LT JULIAN JUNE SENDS ME DOWN TO PROPOSE TO HIS GAL, CELESTIAL, AN' SHE MAKES LOVE TO ME. IF JULIAN EVER FINDS OUT I IS SUDDENLY GWINE BE AINT
BOY THAT AINT GOT NOTHIN' TO DO WITH IT. I ADVISES YOU NEVER TO MAKE NO MA'IAGE WITH NO GAL LIKE CELESTIAL
WHAT DID SHE SAY, TEMPUS, DOES SHE LOVE ME?
WHAT KIND OF WORDS IS THEM YOU IS TALKIN' WITH YO' MOUTH? WHAT DID CELESTIAL DO WITH THEM FLOWERS I GAVE YOU TO TAKE TO HER?
Copyright John F. Dille Co.
SHE SMELLED 'EM BROTHER JUNE, SHE SMELLED 'EM AN' ALL SHE SAID WAS SHE HOPED TO WEAR 'EM SOME DAY SOON AT YOUR FUNERAL

TEMPUS TODD---Misery Has Company

Story by **OCTAVUS ROY COHEN**
Illustrations by H. Weston Taylor

MY NAME IS VICISSITUDE AN' I WAS BORN TWINS. NOTHIN' GITS SO BAD WITH ME THAT IT CAINT GIT WORSE
GIT AWAY FUM ME GAL. IF JULIAN JUNE SEES YOU HANGIN' ROUND HEAH, HE IS GWINE MUSS US BOTH UP
I AINT STUDYING 'BOUT JULIAN. YOU IS THE CRAZIEST MAN I IS ABOUT
JUST THE SAME I AINT CRAVIN' TO BE GUEST OF HONOR AT NO FUNERAL. JULIAN PUT ME TO WORK IN THIS CLOAK ROOM AN' HE REFUSES TO LET ME DANCE. I KNOW GOOD AN' WELL HE AINT HANKERIN' TO SEE ME FLIRTIN' WITH HIS GAL
WELL, WHAT IF HE AINT? AINT YOU GOT SOME RIGHTS?
MAYBE SO, CELESTIAL. BUT IF I HAS, JULIAN AINT NEVER HEARD OF THEM.

I IS AS BROKE AS A FRESH EGG WHICH HAS BEEN DROPPED OFFEN THE ROOF OF A TEN STORY BUILDIN'. IF MONEY TALKS, MY POCKETBOOK AINT ENTITLED TO SPEAK ABOVE A WHISPER